

He see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.
Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But wee le out face them, and out-sweare them to:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good fir, will you shew me to this house.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troilus me thinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

Ies. In such a night
Did *Thybis* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waite her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.

Ies. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.

Lor. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnchrist Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

Ies. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaued it her.

Ies. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Mes. A friend. *(friend?)*

Lor. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you

Mes. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you it my Master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let vs vs prepare
Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house,

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola.

Lor. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo, sola.

Lor. Leauue hollowing man, heere.

Clo. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Heere?

Clo. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be heere ere
morning sweet soule.

Lor. Let's in, and there expect their comming.

And yet no matter: why should we goe in?

My friend *Stephen*, signifie pray you

Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,

And bring your musique forth into the ayre.

How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,

Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musique

Creepe in our eares soft filles, and the night

Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:

Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen

Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,

There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdest

But in his motion like an Angell sings,

Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;

Such harmonie is in immortall soules,

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close in it, we cannot heare it:

Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,

With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,

And draw her home with musique.

Iess. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

Play musique.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard

Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood,

If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any ayre of musique touch their eares,

You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,

Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,

By the sweet power of musique: therefore the Poet

Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods,

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

But musique for time doth change his nature,

The man that hath no musique in himselfe,

Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections darke as *Erebus*,

Let no such man be trusted: marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the can

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,

A substitute shines brightly as a King

Vntill a King be by, and then his state

Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke

Into the maine of waters: musique, harke.

Ner. It is your musique Madame of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,

Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Lark

When

When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When euery Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren?
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Musique ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,

Or I am much decei'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the

Cuckow by the bad voice?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare

Which speed we hope the better for our words,

Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:

But there is come a Messenger before

To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerissa*,

Giue order to my seruants, that they take

No note at all of our being absent hence,

Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,

We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight sicke,

It looks a little paler, 'tis a day,

Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,

For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,

And neuer be *Bassanio* so for me,

But God fort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Bas. I thanke you Madam, giue welcome to my friend

This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all silence be much bound to him,

For as I heare he was much bound for you:

Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:

It must appeare in other waies then words,

Therefore I scant this breathing curte sie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,

Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,

Would he were gelt that had it for my part,

Since you do take it Loue so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel hoe already, what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring

That she did giue me, whose Poetrie was

For all the world like Cutlers Poetry

Vpon a knife; Loue mee, and leaue mee not.

Ner. What talke you of the Poetrie or the valew:

You swore to me when I did giue it you,

That you would weare it til the houre of death,

And that it should lye with you in your graue,

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

You should haue bene respectiue and haue kept it.

Gaue it a Iudges Clarke: but wel I know

The Clarke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it:

Gra. He wil, and

Nerissa. I, if a W

Gra. Now by thi

A kinde of boy, a li

No higher then thy

A prating boy that

I could not for my h

Por. You were too

To part so slightly w

A thing sticke on w

And so riueted with

I gaue my Loue a Ri

Neuer to part with

I dare be sworne for

Nor plucke it from h

That the world m

You giue your wife

And twere to me I f

Bas. Why I we

And sweare I lost th

Gra. My Lord B

Vnto the Iudge that

Defer'd it too: and

That tooke some pai

And neyther man no

But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring

Not that I hope wh

Bas. If I could

I would deny it: bu

Hath not the Ring w

Por. Euen so voi

By heauen I wil nere

Vntil I see the Ring

Ner. Nor I in yo

Bas. Sweet *Portia*

If you did know to

If you did know for

And would concei

And how vnwillin

When nought wou

You would abate th

Por. If you had

Or halfe her worthi

Or your owne hono

You would not then

What man is there s

If you had pleas'd to

With any termes of

To vrge the thing he

Nerissa teaches me

He die for't, but som

Bas. No by min

No Woman had it, b

Which did refuse th

And beg'd the Ring

And suffer'd him to

Euen he that had hel

Of my deere friend.

I was inforc'd to sen

So much besineare it

And by these blessed

Had you bene there,

The Ring of me, to g